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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



RIVER, BIRD AND STAR

BY

AELLA GREENE,
"

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN PETERS," "GATHERED FROM LIFE," ETC.,

PUBLISHED IN 1895.



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MESSAGES OF THE WATERS.

I.

MESSAGES OF THE WATERS.

1.

THY valleys how lovely, thy mountains
how strong,
O Northland, how charming thy rivers of
song.
No finer the music of rivers with tide
Through storied lands singing to Severn or
Clyde,
No brighter to Scotchmen the burns which
they know
That sweet to Loch Katrine through heather
bloom flow ;
No gladder to Lomond whirl joyous away
The streamlets through dingles with hazel
bloom gay,
Nor sweeter to Switzers sing brooks to
Lucerne
Than chant in New England the lake and the
burn.
No sweeter the far wave than waters that sing
Where Greylock of hilltops is grandly the
king,

Than whirl from Wahconah the waters away
That bright over gravel of gold and of gray,
Through Dalton dales dimple, and sparkle,
and play,

Than brooks from Katahdin, than others that
flow

Where airs from Monadnock inspire them to
go —

Than sing the bright thousands of brooklets
along

Entrancing the whole of New England with
song.

Or, if streamlet is sought of sorrow to tell,
What brook is more plaintive in old country
dell

Than waters from Monument Mountain that
purl,

Lamenting the fate of the Indian girl
Who loved where she might not, and thought
she must die,

And plunged in despair from a precipice
high.

But sorrow is not the note of your voice,
O waters of Northland, that ever rejoice,

And even when warning that danger is near
Intone the monitions to cadence of cheer.
Ye brooks of New England that carol like this,
O warble forever to Northland your bliss !
And ye who admire them, O leave them to run
And wimple, and sparkle, and sing in the sun,
Unchained to carved channels that dullards
have made

In worship of Use and the tyrant of Trade !
O leave them that faring unfettered along,
They babble their beautiful blessing of song!

But more than the music or glance of the wave
O'er which the lovers of beauty may rave,
While they of each land of home rivers boast
O'er waters enchanting the foreigner's coast,
'Tis the truth that they sing that giveth the
worth

To musical waters that gladden the earth
Go, zephyrs of heaven and fleet ye afar
By light of morn lustre and gleam of the star,
And tell in the city, and desert, and dell,
To all who in cot or in palaces dwell,
Or tent on the plains, or anywhere live,
What calm and what rapture the river songs
give —

The strength for brave doing, the power to
endure,
The vision to ken and the faith to secure
The blessings that nature delights to confer
On those who in loyalty seek them of her.

If ever ambition allure thee to greed,
Then listen to song of the waters, and heed :
"Thou eager for power, seek gentleness first ;
Who covets but power, and winneth, is cursed.
Whatever thy portion, content with thy store,
O covet not theirs who shall chance to have
more.

Nor let thou that sin of the small soul be thine,
The rancor of envy, that spirit malign,
The chief of the meanest of cowardly foes,
Who cost man his Eden and gave him his
woes ! "

Whenever thou findest the trusted untrue,
Forgiving the wrong that the treacherous do,
And looking away to the blue of the love
Proclaiming Benignity regnant above,
Give heed to the waters that bid thee rejoice

And join in the song of the rivulet's voice.
If friends have deserted and 'leaguering foes,
United against thee, are fierce to oppose,
Then listen and rivulet singing shall say
The word to inspire thee to hold them at bay
Till angel shall come with a pebble and sling
And bid thee to rout them by felling their king.
Whatever its message, believe in the tide—
Though human voice vary, a brook never lied !
Or purling as soft as the peace of the sky,
Or singing as grand as the harpers on high,
It giveth forever the essence of truth
That solaces age and sanctifies youth,
And warbled in valley or prattled in glen
Is simple as childhood yet equal to men —
Truth sweet as the roses that blossom in
 heaven,
Truth hither for mortals to rivulet given !
And sung in the sun time and star time, to
 give
High hint and good helping sublimely to live!

What rashness of pride that ventures to spurn,
What wisdom of reverence that listens to
 learn,

The truth to be heard in the song of the burn.
Sweet pleading with Power to be true and be
mild

As brook is, or bird is, or Christ, or a child,
It telleth the way to the destinies grand
As fancy can paint or wish to command.
And mortal, whatever the cadences be
Of rivulet, lake wave, or surge of the sea,
'Tis the spirit of God speaks through them
to cheer,
Or warn if to danger thy journey draws near.

Whatever thy talent, what work doth engage,
And living wherever, in whatever age,
And however many thy years on the earth,
The rivulet's voice will still have its worth.
And when shall appear the swift coming day
When thou from this province must journey
away
To country, wherever that country may be,
Reached over what mountain and over what
sea,
Where thou shalt find much that is strange
unto thee,

How sweet, when departing, to look on the
wave

That joy to the days of thine earthly life gave !
And O ! what a rapture 'twill add to thy
heaven

If there, in that country, like music be given,
If there, to enchant thee, shall carol and gleam
The waters with sparkle and song like the
stream

Enhancing the days of thy sojourning here
With song that is wisdom and song that is
cheer !

II

WHERE Mountain Monadnock, majestic
in might

And infinite leisure, rose grand in his height,
And angels came heralds from heaven to bring
The best of May mornings to gladden the
spring,

And waters from beechen grove sparkled
whose wave.

That charm to the hours of the bright morn-
ing gave

Which wakens the birds to their cheeriest tune
And Mayfields to green to the brightness of
June —

There, forth from the home of her humble life
sweet,

A maiden went singing the morning to greet,
And, tranced by the resonant waters that sang
Till echoing distances joyfully rang,
She waited in wonder and awe at the song
Of the glittering waters that sparkled along,
While Mountain Monadnock rejoicing in
might

From foot hills to summit beamed forth his
delight !

And rapt o'er the scene of that morning of May
The maiden entranced heard the waters to say:
“Thy motto be duty, thy jewel be truth ;
And wisdom prize ever as prizing in youth ;
And love, which to many but sorrow doth
bring,

Shall be thy good angel to cheer thee to sing
Beyond the high music of joyfulest stream
That ever charmed poet to tunefulest theme.

“Go ask of thy mother what message I said
When hither her thoughtfulest sauntering led,
And breathing the hope of a treasure to be,
She went and months later came speaking of
thee,

With joy and the graces of motherhood came
Discoursing of thee and telling thy name.

Bright seasons have blossomed and blossomed
again,

And cometh the maiden where mother came
then

That message, by matron well heeded, I read
In traits of the maiden, who surely will heed
The counsel when matron shall tenderly tell
The message and ask her to honor it well.”

The summers that came and the summers
that went

To girlhood the graces of womanhood lent;
And lovingly loitering there by the stream,
Entranced o'er the ripple, and dimple, and
gleam,

Two whispered the message the matron had
told,

The words that she heard of the river of
old.

And, each ripple a song and each dimple a
gem,

The waters repeated the message to them —
That kindness of each to the other would give
To offspring best traits of each other and live
In habitudes high of childhood, to tell
Their wooing was wisdom, their mating was
well.

Prenatal inclining to excellence, given !
Bestowing, ere breath, the impulse for heaven !

And later with infancy smiling they came ;
And followed another who listened to name
The father and mother breathed forth in their
joy

And raised, as they bade him, to brow of the
boy

Bright drops of the rivulet's musical wave,
To honor the message the rivulet gave.
Then looking in faith to the blue of the sky,
Each reverently prayed to the Gracious on
high ;

And the birds and the zephyrs united in song
With wave of the waters that caroled along—
A song that was prayer for and thanks for the
 joy
Prefigured in crystal drops there for the boy.
And Mountain Monadnock, beholding the
 rite,
In sweetness and majesty glowed with delight.

III

WHERE singing to mountains its reson-
 ant song
A brook from a beechen grove caroled
 along,
In chime with the robins, reflecting their
 bowers,
Inspiring the sunbeams to sweeten the flowers,
And rippling in time of the march of the
 hours
Of a morning the best that the skies could
 attune
And send from Elysium to gladden a June—

There fresh from the meads where the butter-
cups grew,
There free as the birds from the bloom fields
that flew,
There joyously singing child songs that he
knew,
There charming as nature, and artless, and
true,
There bright on the morn of that June day
of joy,
There blithe with the breath of his blisses, a
boy,
Impelled by the pulses prophetic of man,
In step with the waves of the rivulet ran.
Then, halting in rapture delighted to scan
The waves of the beautiful streamlet that
sang
Until with the carol the distances rang,
He tarried, entranced and held in high
mood,
To muse on the song of the musical flood !

And this was the song that the rivulet sung
With its liquid lip and its silver tongue :

“In the freedom of childhood, O childhood
rejoice ;
Here's health to thy being and charm to thy
voice !
The simple things love thou, as loving them
now ;
The angels love these, and ever love thou.
Wouldst be like the eagle? the rather the
dove be ;
The lilies, the robins, the blue sky above thee,
Love these and be like them and angels will
love thee,
While birds and the zephyrs shall make it
their choice
To copy in carols the charm of thy voice.

“If wisdom be thine and if virtue attend
thee
The blessings of heaven the Gracious shall
send thee,
Commanding the best of His host to defend
thee,
Bright songsters entrancing their high songs
to sing thee,

Swift argosies gems from the far isles to
bring thee.
And airs the rare odors of east clime to wing
thee.
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the
wildwood,
Forever be true to the dreams of thy child-
hood,
And angels and good men shall ever rejoice
In the health of thy being and charm of thy
voice."

And this was the song that the rivulet sung
With its liquid tip and its silver tongue.
And, joyed o'er the song of the silvery wave,
The mountains responsive the cadences gave
To zephyrs, that glad with their tunefulest
gold
The beautiful song through the distances
told
To angels commissioned to sing to the earth
The joy of the song of the land of their birth
And missioned to listen, attentive in heaven,
For singing to mortals by rivulet given.

And catching the cadence, they hasten where
gleam
The resonant waves of the musical stream
And tarry to study, delighted to learn,
The silvery song of the murmuring burn.
And conning the carol, they heighten the
worth
Of the heavenly song for the listening
earth,
And pour the blent music in nature's good
way,
As real as the rill song or lark roundelay
That wakens the earth to the joy of the
day—
High music that heartens the earth born to
stay
And toil through their life until fitted to
rise
And join in the joy of the song of the skies !

There greeting the glad one whose June day
of joy
Was bright with the hope and the bliss of a
boy,

There sweet in the dawn of some June day of
 heaven
Shall angels enchant him with canticle
 given
Where singing to mountains its resonant song
A brook from a beechen grove caroled along!

For christlike was he, the boy by the wave
That joy to the hours of the June morning
 gave.
Again there he listened, and this was the
 song
The waters warbled as they sparkled along :
“Who love thee will tell thee of words that I
 said
When hither good angels their sauntering led,
And tell thee, bright one of the fortunate
 birth,
What greatly shall heighten thy joy and thy
 worth
And make thy good fortune a blessing to
 earth —
A story they learned from pages they read
Till deep of its meaning their spirits had fed,

The story of Christ that enraptures the
days
Since earthward came He of the wonderful
ways !
The story of Him who banisheth tears
And brightens the glory of all of the years !”

“ That story, ye waters, my father has told
And bade me to prize it more precious than
gold,
The story of One whose love so endears,
Who saves us from sin and drives away
fears.
The sheep and the shepherds at night on the
plains,
The bright angels singing their heavenly
stains,
The child in the manger, the men from
afar,
And that beautiful, beautiful, wonderful
star !
That story, most lovely of beautiful things —
There’s sing in it, waters, how charming it
sings !”

“The truth of that idyl keep fresh in thy
heart,
Bright spring of best hopes and the source of
true art.
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the
wildwood,
Forever be true to the dreams of thy child-
hood !
For fancies of childhood, though fancies they
be,
Have truth from that country away over
sea.
Bright dreams of pure childhood, ideals from
heaven !
There speak and there glisten in every one
given
The faces and voices from country afar —
Taught there by what zephyr, what bird and
what star !
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the
wildwood,
Keep sacred the idyl thou learn'dst in thy
childhood
High born as thou art, thy heritage prize ;
The steward of blessings bestowed from the
skies,

Not vain of thy goodness, bless those who
have less,
And be thine ambition to live but to bless.
Lift up the downfallen and lead to that One
Who knoweth how illy some lives are begun,
Who pities their erring and knoweth each
frame
And points from their woes to the power of
His name."

And thus to the boy the rivulet sung,
Its beautiful wisdom for the heart of the
young ;
And this the response that in bounding joy,
Burst forth spontaneous from the heart of
the boy.
And the bright ones that hovered from the
choirs on high,
Flew joyous to heaven to address the
sky
On the beautiful scene of the boy by the
wave,
Awake to the wisdom that the glad waters
gave.

•

IV

THE sweetest songsters carol
Among the Berkshire hills,
In harmony with music
Arising from the rills
That flow with silvery murmur,
In melody along,
And charm as if in heaven
They learned the art of song,
And were by Him empowered
Who formed the starry spheres
And guides their rhythmic motion
Through all the circling years.

Bright brooks ! they came from heaven,
To teach the tuneful art,
And woo men from their sorrows
And from their cares apart ;
To teach them high behavior,
And gentle ways and true,
Inspiring them with courage
To fight life's battles through ;
The while, through all the harshness
That gives to earth its ban,
They live attuned for living
Where harmony began.

.

There other brooks, in chorus
With other birds, shall sing,
To tell the power and goodness
Of the Eternal King ;
And welcome home the singers
From the dissonance of time
To the melodies of heaven
And the zephyrs of the clime
With song far, far exceeding
The music of the rills
That carol with the songsters
Among these restful hills.

v

THY valleys how lovely, thy mountains
how strong !
O Northland ! how charming thy rivers of
song !
Bright waters, that winding from Windsor
away,
Swift purling o'er gravel of gold and of gray,
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wimple,
and play,
As waters in elfinland singing to fay,
The fairies entrancing as rivulets may,

And rivulets will, so fairy folks say,
With witcheries weird of gambolings gay,
And cadences fine, and melodies sweet,
And fit where elite of fairy folk meet,
With honors the princes of elfland to greet—
Ye waves from Wahconah through thickets
that flow,
And charm to their sweetness the wild flowers
that grow,
What numbers, bright waters, your music
can tell,
Thus witching through wildness and dulcet
in dell !
Sweet waters, bright waters, that charmingly
sing
Of Dalton, the jewel of Berkshire the king !

Ye waters, that winding from Windsor away,
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wimple
and say,
As, bright over gravel of gold and of gray,
Ye chant in high music while charmingly gay,
“Thou listening entranced o’er the musical
wave,

To honor the music, O mortal, be brave.
Arouse thee from trancement to battle in life;
And, valiant and true in every strife,
Be more than the mood that comes of mere
charm ;

The trancement of sweetness is cause for
alarm— ”

Ye waters, thus bravely and timely that ring
Of vigor and valor, what numbers shall sing
The wealth of the wisdom of waters whose
wave

Entrances to cheer the charmed to be brave !
Bright waters ! inspiring the valiant until,
Grown godlike from heeding the song of a rill,
They honor in action the truth of the song
That sparkles and warbles their life ways
along,

What seer hath the vision, ye waves, to divine
The wealth of your wisdom, ye waters benign!

Ye brooks from Katahdin and streamlets that
flow
Where airs from Monadnock inspire them to
go ;

Bright waters ! that winding from Windsor
away,
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wimple,
and play ;
Brooks bright in that region where heroes
were born
Whom Tyranny hated, but never could
scorn—
Old Litchfield still lustrous with memories of
worth
That shine through the Northland with joy
for the earth ;
Ye waters that sing in Otsego and shine
Reflecting the love of the Spirit benign ;
Ye brooks to Itasca that sing through the
plains,
Entrancing the vastness with charm of your
strains ;
Ye waters the depths of wild canyons that
dare,
And calmly, fearlessly, joyously there,
The truth to the mightiest mountains de-
clare—
Wherever all over the Northland ye sing,
From heaven, bright waters, your music ye
bring !

Ye waters of Northland, that carol like this,
O warble forever to Northland your bliss !
And waft ye, fleet zephyrs, to every strand
This music of gladness, this joy of our land !
And, say, O ye zephyrs who chant with the
 tide
Of Erie, Lucerne, and Severn and Clyde,
And brooks that sing to them and waters that
 pour
Enchantment to every mountain and shore,
And thus have sung on through all of the
 years,
Enhancement of gladness and comfort of
 tears —
Say, zephyrs, wherever your courses ye wing
If brighter than waters in Northland that
 sing,
If brighter ye find a wave in the world,
If lovelier the waters in Eden that purled !

IDYLS OF FREEDOM

II.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

O STARS, what history
It has been yours to see
Enacted here, since man,
Crown of creation's plan,
His wanderings began—
Since to his pristine joy
He added an alloy
That forth a rover sent
Him, fired with discontent.
Say since, with Eden lost,
The fateful bounds he crossed,
How dear his straying cost !
Still, while in wretched plight,
He was not hopeless quite,
Nor rayless was his night.

Stars that have kindly shone
On paths his feet have gone—
Than downward, let us hope,
Onward more, and up—

Aid still his wish and quest
For truth, and peace and rest.
Still from the blue above
Shine where he wars to prove
His patriotic love,
And, dying, asks you tell
The ages that he fell
To foil the tyrant's hand
And bless his native land.
And tell, as tell ye must,
O stars, for stars are just,
From what great sacrifice
All others do arise.
Tell what, foreseen, inspired,
And what accomplished, fired,
The patriot heart to live
For liberty and give
His life to make men free.
And aid, O stars, to see
That highest liberty
Gives equal weight of care,
Gives unto each his share
Of burdens all must bear ;
That liberty, if boon,
Used wrongly, cometh soon
To license, that is not

True liberty, but blot
On the historic page,
A hindrance to the age.

This life, this sacrifice,
O stars, from which arise
The heavenly blessings given
And hope of more in heaven—
This life of hope for man,
Ye saw as it began.
Ye saw its teeming day,
O stars, and sunset ray,
And deathly chill of night,
And hint at last of light.
Ye saw the glorious morn
Of grace and peace adorn
The mountain heights of time
And shine to every clime,
To make all life sublime !
A star 'twas guided them
Who fared to Bethlehem ;
And at cerulean poise
It sentineled their joys,
As o'er the Savior born,

Rejoicing till the morn,
They mused on what should be
His wondrous history.
Stars gave the warning dream
Of Herod's hellish scheme
And guided, then, the flight
To Egypt through the night.
And o'er the child returned
The stars in gladness burned.

The stars rejoiced the boy
And study gave and joy,
As through the years he grew
To all the ages knew—
Till wondering sages gazed
Adoring and amazed.
Stars cheered the Christ who prayed
In lonely mountain glade,
And sang their joy to see
The helpful ministry
Of Him of Galilee.
And when his followers slept
Ye stars in pity wept ;
And, weeping, wondered ye

At the sublimity
Of sad Gethsemane !
And when at Calvary
The sun refused to shine,
Your stellar beams were sign
That Christ, the slain, should rise,
Completed sacrifice,
Triumphant to the skies !

Ye stars that wondering saw
His answer to the law
Who for the sinful died
And poured the precious tide
Of his great life, to give
The sinful chance to live,—
Ye stars who heard the word
Sublimest ever heard,
That Jesus at His death
Spoke with His dying breath,
To say the work was done,
The victory was won—
From that sublimity,
That matchless agony,
All greatness doth proceed.

Thence every noble deed,
Thence all unselfishness,
Thence every pulse to bless
That helps the patriot die,
Without the question why,
For home and liberty.

AMERICA.

ON days and deeds sublime
That gem this western clime,
O stars of Freedom, shine,
And shed your beams benign
Where Concord bridge was won,
And rustic Lexington—
And Bunker Hill declared,
And Bennington, how fared
The foes of liberty
Who warred against the free.

Shine where the great and good
With high solicitude,

In meekness knelt to pray
To Heaven to drive away
The foreign foes and give
The country chance to live.
How humble and how great,
How fit to found a state,
Was he who knelt that day,
At Valley Forge, to pray !
And may his land remain
The place of all good gain
And Freedom's own domain,
The home and resting place
Of bravery and of grace,
Of greatness and all worth—
The paradise of earth !
Though truth the charm will break,
Still best the truth to speak.
Here, where 'twas general boast
That this was Freedom's coast,
Were human beings chained,
While Selfishness explained
That slavery was right.
And those who saw the plight
That Liberty was in,
By league with such a sin,
And dared rebuke the wrong,
That still was growing strong

While grew the nation weak
To danger that 'twould break,
Were stigmatized as fools
Beyond discretion's rules.
But, in these later days,
The scoffers dare the praise
That radicals were wise
And fit to canonize
For the sublimest skies !

How cursed this sin the land
We came to understand
When Donelson was need
And Fredericksburg, and greed
Of rough-hewn havoc made
On Sherman's master raid
Of horse and infantry
From inland to the sea !
And need to prove our liege
To liberty was siege
Of Vicksburg and the shock
Of "Chickamauga's Rock,"
Grim Thomas of the build
To name for Cæsar's guild.

So Grierson's reckless dash,
Discreet in that 'twas rash ;
And Farragut in the shrouds
And Hooker in the clouds,
And Ellsworth first to die,
And gallant Lyon—why
So early sent to heaven !
And why McPherson given,
And thousands, thousands more !
How runneth up the score,
Through scenes of din and gore,
To Gettysburg, sublime
Through all the years of time !

What tongue can tell, what pen,
The fate of prisoned men
Who, doomed to the ill
Of Andersonville,
Learned the tortues that spell
A new name for hell !
And who can count their tears
And warring hopes and fears,
Who mourned their loved ones there,
Or slain in conflict, where,

Though glorious thus to fall
For country and for all
That's dear, and true, and high,
'Twas fearful, still, to die !
And hard was it to know
That with the slaughter, slow
Moved the cause of right
And darkened down the night
Of doubt, with scarce a ray
To hint of coming day.
But rose a lustrous star
When he led on the war
Whose calm, courageous way
Of hero in affray,
Assured, at once, a morn,
And was the sign to warn
The foemen of defeat
Their cause was sure to meet.

Now once and three times three,
At Appomattox tree,
Give every one to all
Who heeded Freedom's call
And marched with Grant, to hew

The hard-fought journey through
The Wilderness, to see
The dawn of victory.

But who shall sing to tell
Their deeds who fought and fell
In all the hard campaigns,
Who equal epic strains
For those whose crimson stains
Full thrice a hundred plains,
And reddens bloody years,
Which make them high compeers
Of all the brave that Time
Hath brought to wreath and rhyme !

Let gratitude be given
In joyful song to Heaven ;
Aye, shout and sing again,
Good citizens, that when
The nation was in dole
A man of prophet soul
Was sent to meet our need.

A man inspired to read
The meaning of the times
The country for its crimes
Was going through,—this man,
With genius fit to plan
And brave enough to act,
Made thus his vision fact,
Wielding the nation's might
For mercy and the right,
And breaking at a stroke,
The bondman's galling yoke.

Good stars, your radiance shed
On paths where Lincoln led
Through all those years of strife
Up to the higher life
Of Freedom and of peace
And all the good increase
That makes these states combined
The envy of mankind!

IN OTHER LANDS.

GOOD stars, what prophet ken
Had Aztec Juarez, when
For liberty he fought
Against the foe who sought
To bind with Spanish chain
The Mexican in train
Of papal Rome, to slave
Subservient where the brave
Descendants of the sun
Their long career had run,
Free as the airs that fanned
Their lovely native land.
Well ye rejoiced, to see
Where foreign tyranny
Had reigned, superior rise,
To crown the high emprise
Of Juarez with success
And so mankind to bless,
The fair republic bright
With promise for the right
Of patriots everywhere.
For each hath right to share
Each country of the free,
Wherever dwelleth he.

Still Juarez only did
As high examples bid—
Through thirty years of blood,
When that brave Swiss withstood
The papal powers combined,
Who sought on all mankind
To place the Latin yoke—
Gustavus brave, who broke
The bondage long and sore
For northmen evermore.
He drove the power of Rome
From church, and court, and home,
Wherein the people sing,
To crown Gustavus king!
And cadence of the song
The southland doth prolong,
Where well Emanuel strove
And Garibaldi's love
Was given for Italy,
Mankind and liberty.

And Magyars, whose Kossuth
For country and for truth
Was sacrifice, may raise
To favoring Heaven their praise

For his grand life, and twine
The wreath and pray the Nine
To sing to full import
That high in Austrian court
The Magyars reign, whom erst
The tyrant Austrians cursed !

How bright the stars that look
On Scotland's famous brook
And bid the ages learn
That Bruce of Bannockburn
Was Caledonia's pride !
Shine where her sons defied,
At Flodden field, the foe
That laid her banner low,
Yet in defeat were strong
To height of grandest song.
Beam kind on every glen
Known to his foot and ken,
That kingliest of men,
The Wallace of the Eld,
Whom, then, ye stars beheld
And sang him worthy praise
Of all the future days.

Shine, stars, with beams benign
On scene of deeds divine,
Where Winkelried the brave,
His Switzerland to save,
Threw on the Austrian steel
His mighty rage of zeal
And struck in death the blow
To break the serried foe.
His followers raining blows
Where grand his courage rose,
Thus turned the tide and day
Against the cruel fray
Of those who sought t' enslave
The Switzer patriots brave,
Whom God's own mountains gave
That love of liberty
That fits men to be free.

And evermore shall ye,
Bright stars of liberty,
Rejoice to shine upon
The field where Cromwell won,
At Marston Moor, the day
And stemmed the tyrant's sway,

Till full at Naseby, then,
Where royal Charles again
Marshaled his hosts, the band
Of patriots dared withstand
The legions of the king
And all the years shall sing,
To let the future know,
They routed him to show
That foreign he, and foe,
Though native born — for he
Loved not true liberty.

TRUTH MAKES FREE.

AS truth alone makes free,
Who country loves must see
The truth, and love the truth
As ardently as youth
The maiden from whose heart
Not even death can part.
Truth founded love gives rate,
The citizen's estate,
A country and a place,

Fraternity and race.
Alien to truth, a man
Nor country hath, nor clan,
Though castled well and crowned
With choicest treasures found
In late or olden times,
Through west or Orient climes.
Aye, foreign he, and poor,
And sick, though mount and moor
Afford their gold for wealth
And myrrhs to bless his health.
Not loving truth, then he
Shall poor and homeless be,
Though heraldry declare
That ancient lineage rare
Makes him the rightful heir
To every land and throne,
And though the people own
The purple of his power,
Rejoicing in his dower
And seeking bards to sing
Him bishop, lord and king !
But harps must not descend,
For song hath upward trend ;
So, who but hymns for pay
Sings but a meagre lay.

And rhyme they ne'er so well,
The bards who seek to tell
An untruth in a song
And sing success of wrong,—
Some Cræsus toast for wealth
That came alone by stealth,
And hymn the tyrant's power
As given by heavenly dower—
Will fail to reach the lays
That live in honor's praise.
Then, faltering down to praise
Whose labored lines confess
They sing from selfishness,
They'll rave to furious stress
Of prayer to Power to bless,
When Truth alone gives theme
Befitting poet's dream.
This truth, ye stars above,
No truth, there is no love.
No truth, the gold shall rust,
To teach the truth it must—
No truth, then love is lust,
And love of country, show
Which all true patriots know
As subterfuge and sham
That would to meanness damn,

Beyond redeeming grace,
A country and a race !

Yet strange contrasts arise,
Some royal mysteries—
A king to virtue known,
Yet who could make his throne,
By tricks that must belong
The hellish arts among,
The anchor of a wrong
That should have scourge of song,
The very rage of rhyme,
To blast to future time !
The Charles whom Cromwell fought,
True to his home, was naught
But false to native land.
Though promising, his hand
Withheld the needed good
He pledged to those who stood
For liberty and right.
For these did Cromwell fight ;
For these he overthrew
The Stuart king and slew
The false one of the throne.

And by the act was shown
In England evermore—
A truth the wide world o'er,
And as the sunlight plain—
The right of kings to reign,
Original in heaven,
Is to the governed given,
By them to be transferred,
In their installing word,
To those their love shall say
The kingly traits display.
Would Cromwell had remained,
Preventing crime that stained
Bright Albion's sovran name,
By other Charles who came,
The Charles who ever wrought
Injustice and who thought
Of self alone, and sought
Delight in splendid sin
And seemed possessed to win,
By elegance of shame,
An ever florid fame
Unto his royal name !

ARRAIGNMENT OF RUSSIA.

I F ill the theme befits
To sing of Austerlitz,
If vain to weep awhile
By lone Helena's isle,
If cold, to some, such theme
For patriotic dream,
In that the Corsican
Fought not for fellow-man,
But strove alone for fame
For his imperial name—
O would some one as rod
Of an avenging God,
Arise, who, sent by wrath
Of Heaven, should cleave a path
Through Tyranny's domains
To far Siberia's plains,
And break the prison bars
Of victims of the czars !

The cause demands a man
Serenely, grander than

The dreaded Corsican ?
May one with like strong hand
And genius to command,
Arise—some leader born
Under the star of morn,
Some one whose shining worth
Shall win the best of earth
To highest hope and prayer
For Heaven's especial care,
And win good gallant men
To join his flag, whose ken
At once, from far, can see
The day of victory—
The men with might to win
The boon their faith hath seen.

O, chieftain of the skies !
And Freedom's cause, arise
And panoplied for wars,
Go guided by the stars
That favoring shone
Above Napoleon,
In that sublime advance
From his admiring France

That made the Russias quake
And all the kingdoms shake !
Stars, they, to aid to see
The way to victory :
Stars that would lustrous burn,
To light the grand return
Of victors from the fray
Where justice won the day.

Not so the march when Ney
Fared on the frozen way,
To cheer his leader back
Along the winter track,
With remnant of his host,
To mourn the prize they lost,
A city burned to ban
The mighty Corsican.
Him Russia dared not fight,
But put to sorry plight
By burning roof and bread
That should have housed and fed
The host, who froze or starved
By thousands ere they carved,
With Bonaparte and Ney

To France their pilgrim way.
But those engaged
In warring waged
To break the dungeon bars
Of prisoned worth, ye stars
Would good birds send to feed,
Unto their fullest need,
With manna of the Heaven
That bread hath ever given
To those who well have striven,
Through hard or favored fight,
In furtherance of right.

If Moscow burned again
'Twould light the prisoned men
From durance hard to flee
To hope and liberty,
The men whose dungeon bars
Are legacy of czars,
Kings whose oppression is
Acme of tyrannies !
Commanding those away
In bondage sore to stay,
Whose glances have told,

Or a breath over bold,
That the fancies they hold
Slight hindrances are
To the wish of a czar !
Dooming banishment
For the mildest intent
Of the patriot heart !
O tyrant ! what art
Of what spirit malign
Of the demons is thine !
How strange that czars should ban
Those whom but easy plan
Of right would lead to own
Allegiance to the throne
And give their life to prove
Their loyalty of love
And interest in the fame
Of Alexander's name !
But heeding not the cries
That move the pitying skies
And make the nations weep,
These Tartar tyrants keep
Their hand of tyranny
Against all liberty.

O, when Sarmatia's brave,
With Kosciusko gave,

Most valorous blows to save
Their country from the grave
That fierce tyrannic might
Had dug for Truth and Right,
Say, Heaven of justice, say,
Why did Thy vengeance stay
From smiting down her foes?
O, when to Thee arose
Their patriotic cry,
Why, Heaven of pity, why
Should fail thy mighty arm
To shield their land from harm?

And fell Sarmatia, then,
And her heroic men,
Whose patriotic worth
Had brightened all the earth,
Were graced with exiles' chains
And scourged across the plains
Afar to foreign strand.
There they were given brand
Befitting felon band;
Aye, there were given rate
Meaner than murderer's fate,

Whose hands the blood had spilt
Of parricidal guilt !
Yet, there, the scorn of slaves,
Do these Sarmatian braves
Display, despite the gloom
Of their Siberian doom,
The rare sweet quality
Of fitness to be free !
Stay, Angel of the Book
Of Record, stay, and look !
For this is far from all
Of Poland's direful thrall
From Russia's might, whose whole
Of tyrant dirt and dole
Hath hue of Herod's crime,
And smells of Nero's time !
Fair women sent to pine
In dark and noisome mine !
Or sent with felon's chain
To walk the weary plain
Where mercy hath no rate,
Where hunger hath no sate
But cup and crust of hate !
Or hath she darker fate
That is so worse than death
It is not given breath !

Nor is this all, for there,
Condemned to exile's fare,
The patriot's children know
Maturity of woe !
O angel ! and ye stars !
Enduring still the czars !
What Herod edict this !
Ukase to blot the bliss
From childhood's heart of joy,
That never knew alloy
Of ill, nor thought to stray
In sin's forbidden way,
And so most rightfully
The heir of liberty,
Entitled to be free
As nature's minstrelsy
Of zephyrs, birds and rills
That sing to freedom's hills !

Read not the story through,
Read not of Finn or Jew,
Read not, though each have felt
The blows the tyrants dealt
To emphasize their hate

Of freedom's good estate.
Enough the monster crime
That chilled Sarmatia's clime,
Enough what Poland braved
Ere Russian hate enslaved,
Enough the robber rout
That blotted Poland out !
Enough is one page
Of Tyranny's rage !
Enough is the brief
Of exiles in grief !

O ye who are given,
As natives of heaven,
The quality high
Of grace of the sky,
That maketh secure
Where none could endure
Devoid of the dower
Of heavenly power,
Could even the might
Of sons of the light
Fit an angel to bear,
If, gifted so rare,

An angel should dare,
To con the dread score
Of pillage and gore
That causes the wail
From Vistula's vale !
Or ponder the woes
The banished one knows
In Tyranny's chains
On far away plains !

O ! the desolate strand
Where hate burns the land
To barrenest sand !
While doubt freezes there
Till even the air
Is chill with despair
And dread as the breath
Of the spectre of death !

In spite of the chill
That freezes to kill,
There facile ones fly

From nethermost sky,
Who, artful in eye
And skillful to lie,
From seeming at first
On mission accurst
From regions the worst,
Soon look to repent
Of evil intent,
And, merciful bent,
From sinister gleams
Quick vary to beams
Of a twinkling that seems
The hopefulest ray
Of the splendors of day !
And the lustre that glints
Deceives as the hints
That rosiest morn
The waste shall adorn,
Where no morning can come
To the castaway's gloom !

There swift from below,
There joyful at woe,
There charmed with a moan,

There rapt o'er a groan,
There others have flown,
Who missioned of Night,
Who buoyant at blight,
Who sportive at chains
Harsh clanking o'er plains
Where Tyranny reigns,
Sing gleeful at cries
Of anguish that rise
From the victims of hate
In the bondage of fate,
Begirt with their dead
And trembling with dread
Of still deeper gloom
To darken their doom !
But have harpers of hell
The numbers to tell
The gloom of a cell
Of Saghalien, where dwell
The good and the brave
Whom tyrants enslave,
Or the murk of the mines
Where hope never shines,
No, never, through years
Of the saltiest of tears !

Read not the story through ;
One page alone will do !
One page alone of dread,
One page with terror red,
One page of hot tears shed,
One page of that despair,
Which fades the eye and hair,
Saps e'en the power to cry,
Gives a hot thirst to die,
Kills the smile on the face,
Blots the last look of grace,
Blots the last mental trace,
Stills the hand from device,
Chills the blood into ice,
And the nerves into bone,
And the heart into stone !

O what chieftain would dare
In the lists with despair,
Though grandly he fare
From tournaments where
The giants, aflame
With the passion for fame,
Contend in the fray

Of chivalry's day !
Aye, came he away
Unhewn and complete
And longing to meet
Far fiercer than those
He found to oppose,
What victor would dare
To cope with despair ?
How dead the heart, how dead,
With hope forever fled !
And yet 'tis so quick
That it trembles at tick
Of the seconds of time
And the pulsing of rhyme
Of the song that keeps tune
With the cadence of June !
Though despairing till dead,
Yet it trembles with dread
At the tenderest song
That is wafted along
Over clover and corn
On the breath of the morn !
And it quivers and quakes
At a zephyr that shakes
But as gently as jar
Of the beams of a star

That in rose-scented hours,
Bright glancing in bowers,
Responds to the flowers
That smile, to invite
The cheer of the light
Of the beauty of heaven,
In stellar beams given.

Aye, there's never a heart
That's alive to all art
And is beating in chime
With nature's sweet rhyme,
But if conquered by fear
Would shudder to hear
Even music of waves
Of the streamlet that laves
The myrtle banks sweet
Where the fairy ones meet,
In elfin land grove,
To warble of love !
Aye, held by despair,
No victim could bear
Breath from elfin land, where
But a breath of the air

Of the earth would displace
The planets that trace
Round the fairy land sun
The courses they run.
What then is the fate
Of the victims of hate
Of the despot who reigns
O'er the Russian domains,
And his victims doth cast
To the pitiless blast
Of northland, or wills
That in Caucasus hills
They shall dig till they die, &
And dishonored shall lie
In a far away grave
Too mean for a slave !
And fiendishly laugh
The tyrants and quaff,
At royalty's feast,
For Vanity drest,
The wine drunk by Pride
When he defied
The heavens, and boldest lied,
And sipped to aid him sing
For Cruelty's king !
The juice of hell's hate !

Drunk by tyrants elate
To desecrate,
By their revelings bold,
The vessels of gold
From temples plundered where,
In high devotion rare,
The loving and the free
Their feasts of liberty
In Polish custom held,
Far back in days of Eld !

O Heaven ! whose lurid star
Maddens to might and war !
When thou shalt undertake
The Russian yoke to break,
Say, Heaven of justice, say,
What blood can ever pay
The wrong to Poland done
By those whose ravage won
By Vistula's fair tide,
That, often crimson-dyed
From noblest patriot slain,
Goes moaning to the main !

Ye thrice ten thousand dead,
Whose blood the Cossacks shed
In homes of Praga fair,
How eloquent your prayer—
A plea to Heaven to aid
A land in ruin laid.
And emphasis of gore
Hath this from thousands more
Where Warsaw's reddened plains,
That Freedom's ichor stains,
And Cracow's crimsoned sod,
Still wail their plaints to God !
Fair Wanda's mountain moans,
Responsive to the groans,
And Dnieper makes her cry,
For Dniester to reply ;
And from the Don to San,
Rebuking Russian ban,
Blood red the waters gleam
Of each Sarmatian stream !
Whichever way it track,
To Baltic or the Black,
Sad, sad each river flows,
A requiem of woes,
From Poland to the seas
That chant her miseries !

VISION AND PROPHECY.

ON Ural hills it came,
A tongue of prophet flame,
A burning thither sent
From out the firmament
Of justice, love and truth,
And everlasting youth.
And thus the fervid voice :
“ O tyrant ! have thy choice,
To turn to righteousness
And teach thy hands to bless—
Repent the despot's crime,
Worst cruelty of time,
Or take the doom that falls
Thereon—the mighty walls
Of tyranny thrown down,
The dimmed and wrested crown
Of monarchs in defeat,
With conscience to repeat
To all the winds that fleet—
“ The tyrant's fate is meet ! ’ ”
Thus, while the bright night heard,
Swift flew the warning word
And sought by westward star

The palace of the czar,
There, round the festive board,
His nobles and their lord
Glowed o'er their ruddy wine,
In toast of new design
To make the exiles weep
And keep the world asleep
Anent the wrongs that steep
The tyrant Tartar's name
In infamy and shame.

But stay, why trembles he ?
What vision doth he see ?
No ghost in festive hall ,
No hand upon the wall,
To make his pleasures pall.
No fiend his eyes detect ;
No peasant to suspect.
Tried ministers attend,
Full foot and horse defend
The throne and citadel
Where czar and kindred dwell,
And cordoned round the land
Grim guarding legions stand !

Yet pales the czar with dread !
He deems assassins tread,
With blade athirst and blast,
To drink his blood and cast
In atoms to the sky
The halls of tyranny !

The voice from Ural hills
Flamed forth hath gone in thrills
Of swiftest breezes blown
Along the northern zone,
And many leagues afar
In palace of the czar
With trembling terror fills,
To consternation chills
The ruler of the land.
And not invention planned
To keep supreme at home
His reign, if foes should come,—
And not ambitious schemes
That give him pleasant dreams
Of other lands to gain,
Of widening domain
To great increase of dower,

To boundlessness of power—
Not one of these, nor all,
Can break the chilling thrall,
And drive the fiends away
That on his spirit prey !

And evermore shall cling
Those fiends, and tear and sting,
And for new vigor drink
The ichor, black as ink,
Of veins of tyranny
That fed on liberty
Through many, many years,
Drank river floods of tears
And jeered a thousand sneers
At patriotic sighs
Drawn by a czar's emprise !
After the burning spoke
And round the echoes woke
Responsive to the doom
The flame announced to come,—
Soft blazed the voice of truth,
In tones of tender ruth
Of love's sweet firmament,

A message eastward sent
By one appearing there
From out the upper air,
Who seemed to high emprise
Commissioned by the skies,
He wore that loveliness
That doth high worth express
In angel or in men
Of angel mien and ken.

Away on zephyrs borne,
He came at tinge of morn
To bleak Siberian strand,
The northern demonland.
There imps abound in air
Who give their constant care
That when the tyrants die
Some sprite of ill shall fly
To convoy them to hell,
Reporting there how well
They have performed the work
The monarch of the murk
Assigns, and thus, how far
They have obeyed the czar.

From spirit of the sky
The imps affrighted fly.
And well escaped his might,
They pause them in their flight
And hiss, in powerless ire,
Their breath of spiteful fire,
That freezes on the air.
And now they backward fare,
To see if stranger sprite
Shall think him to alight.
And soon he turns to fly,
That bright one of the sky,
His plumage to begrime,
Down through the jagged rime
Of rock where guardsmen pace,
To keep the exile race.
And this the word of cheer
The toilers, listening hear :
“ Good patience, still, ye braves
Condemned to fate of slaves !
Against Oppression’s throne,
The Mighty makes His own
The cause of those who, long
In suffering, still are strong.”

Glad on his herald tongue
The delvers hopeful hung.
Yet scarce could angel's cheer
Dispel an exile's fear.
Forth then the voice of flame ;
And soon a lovelier came—
An angel with this word :
“ The message ye have heard
Was told to me in heaven,
Whence all good gifts are given.
So strange 'twas thought 'twould seem,
So fanciful the dream,
Another one was sent
Attesting the intent
Of powers above to bless
With buoyance in duress
And exodus from chains
To Freedom's own domains.”

The angel ceased and drew
A stylus forth of hue
Of the cerulean blue
And ruby stone and white,
And straight began to write

Upon the prison mine
With deep cut lustrous sign.
No words the delving said,
But breathless watched and read ;
And forth the angel fled.

Came then a third to say ;
“ Toilers, ye have seen to-day
Two of the seven prized most
Of the selectest host
Of all the armies bright
Bannered in realms of light.
Aflame with brightest star,
That host ten thousand are,
With place of honor given
The thousand best of heaven,
They who the most have blessed,
As heaven's accounts attest,
The sorrowing ones of earth,
And honored most true worth.
And those a hundred best
Have placed before the rest,
The hundred giving seven
Most pleasing unto Heaven

The highest, foremost place
Of all the angel race.

“And, of this number, one
Is Uriel of the sun.
And Raphael gracious is
And given to ministries,
And most sublimities
Hath missioned been to see,
And most of misery.
The first your boon to tell
Was flaming Uriel,
And Raphael who came
To witness Uriel’s flame
And cheer with face benign
The delvers in this mine.

“Led Israfil the throng
In that first Christmas song
That told the waiting earth
Of a Redeemer’s birth.
And two of the seven
From out the weeping heaven

Flown sad, in sympathy
And wondering tears, to see
The dread sublimity
Of rugged Calvary,
Stayed sentinels and kept
The tomb where Jesus slept—
The loveliest of the sky,
Who gave himself to die
And their rejoicing eyes
Beheld the Savior rise
And saw the earliest ray
Of that first Easter day !

“ As, in God’s economies,
What once is true, forever is,
And truth for angels holds for men,
So, evermore, as when
To watching spirits came
The primal Easter flame,
The best of honors given
To man this side of heaven
He wins who faithful waits
With Right through cruel fates.
Who bides with Worth through shame
Shall have a lustrous fame ;

With Christ through night of scorn,
The joy of Easter morn !
And this, if fervors beat
Of summer's fiercest heat,
If 'tis November drear,
Or if that time of year
Whose wintry breath
Is genuine as death !

“ Not oft do mortals see
In quick succession three
Celestial ones, as ye
This day have seen and heard
In glad prophetic word.
Yet men this truth may know,
That for each want and woe
Some angel waits above
Commissioned by the Love
Supreme, to fly and prove
With blessings from the skies,
That He is kind and wise
And doth permit the stress,
To give Him chance to bless
And those who suffer, place
To struggle into grace

Of goodness and the dower
Of perfectness of power.
Whoso behaveth right,
Whatever be his plight ;
Whoever thinketh bright,
Important, happy thing
To say, or paint, or sing,
Hath influence from the sky,
And voice to ask him try
To make both fine and strong
The word, the tint, the song.
Who heeds the first, gains more
Of the celestial store
That gives uplift from trite
To new, from slough to height,
From weakness unto might,
From dryness, deadness, blight,
To bud, and leaf, and bloom,
That hint of Junes to come.
O gracious boundlessness
Of Heaven's power to bless !

“ Keep sweet, O patriots, ye
In this hard slavery,
And some day ye shall see
The tyrant bend the knee,

To ask for leave to fly,
By conscience scourged to die
Beneath this bitter sky —
Here, where the clank of chains
Doth fright Siberian plains
To barrenness and dearth
Unknown elsewhere on earth—
Here, where such blight has blown
Forever from the zone
Of doubt, that all the air
Is dense with chill despair ! ”

Seen or invisible,
As seemeth to them well,
The spirits come to tell
The words of wrath or love
That emanate above.
And though alert to sounds
And sights that vexed their rounds,
The guardsmen of the mines,
Sworn to the czar's designs,
Saw not those whose emprise
Was threatening from the skies,
Though came they bright as stars
To speak the doom of czars.

But read the guards in mine
The deeply-written sign,
And sent a message far
To citadel of czar.
And he to frenzy flew,
And worse each moment grew.

Imperial mandate given,
The royal guards had striven
The writing to erase.
But none could yet efface
Indictment graven there
By one of upper air.
And livid in that mine
Fierce glistened still each line :
*"Unless the czars repent
Before the firmament
And right the wrong
Their hate hath done so long,
For Poland's cup of gall
The Russian throne must fall !"*

The czar a chemist sent,
Who with fierce caustics went,

To eat the message out
That so had put to rout
The pleasure of the czar,
And toiled from dawn to star
With fiery rust and bar.

Homeward the chemist flew,
And this the message true :
“ No science can begin,
Nor skill, the race to win—
The words are burning in ! ”
Some straying peasant heard
The courier's fateful word
Reported to the lord
Chief courtier of the king,
And all the people sing,
And children join the din,
“ *The words are burning in !* ”

Again the man with bar
And rust to please the czar,
And tear the message out,
Of which the people shout.

And with his mission o'er,
Reports he as before :
“ A span, a foot, a rod—
Swift science doth but plod.
The words do inward fly
As missioned from the sky ! ”

In rage the monarch flew,
The alchemist he slew,
And sent another, still,
With threat to chain and kill,
Did he not burn or tear
That message of despair.
And with him fared a guard
That no one should retard,
Nor scientist should flee,
If unsuccessful he.
Returned, he trembling said,
As forth the guardsmen led
Him, strongly held and bound,
To slay if faithless found ;
“ A foot, an ell, a rod—
The message writ of God
About a nation's sin
Is further burning in ! ”

The guardsmen aim to fire !
The monarch cries, " Retire
With him in heavy chains
To wildest northern plains !
The recreant's mocking breath
Must not the ease of death ! "

Fruitless the despot's plan
Of banishing the man.
Borne by the ready airs,
His message onward fares
Through scenes of joy and dearth
Around the peopled earth !
Hill tells it unto fen,
The wilds to homes of men,
The mountain to the moor,
The robin at the door
Of cottage and of hall—
That broken soon the thrall
Of Russian slaves will be,
And joy of Liberty !

And chant the brooks and birds :
" The angel-written words

About a nation's sin
Are ever burning in !”
And other birds are singing
In every morn of winging,
In every moon of flying
For food for birdlings crying,
And eve of homeward hieing
To nest, and rest, and love,
A message from above
Befitting lark or dove
To sing in all the earth :
“Man's greatest wealth, his worth,
His unearned plenty, dearth ;
His best of liberty,
Deserving to be free.”

Still other birds that fly
And sing, they know not why,
Thus cheer, inspire and warn
At eve and happy morn ;
“Whatever first success,
What flatterers address,
How fondly love caress,
How praiseth selfishness

That hopes return, to bless,
Whatever is the stress
Of noyance that doth press,
War waged for wrong is wrong,
And weak and never strong.
And weak is war for might ;
But ever finds true knight
All powerful war for right,
For God is in the fight !
Though right should lose the fray,
And victory delay,
Yet surely comes the day
Of victory, to stay,
And show that right hath might ;
For God is in the fight ! ”

A WARNING TO COLUMBIA.

BUT briefly where it sung
The sentient glowing hung.
Then over seas it came,
The fearless warning flame,
And o'er Potomac's tide
In indignation cried,

As, eyeing halls of state,
Mid-air the burning sate,
Self-poised in conscious truth
And sense of lasting youth :
“ For shame, Columbia, shame !
Bedimming thy bright name
By leaguings with the power
That claims by heavenly dower
Each individual soul
Of lands in his control,
With right to dominate,
Unto severest fate
Those bending not the knee
At nod of Tyranny !

“ Why dost thou promise, why
That when to thee shall fly
Those fortunate to break
Their bondage and to take
Across the seas their way,
West guided by the ray
Of freedom, to thy land,
They shall be held for hand
Of czar, whose wrath they flee,
To fly in hope to thee ?

These sent to despot back,
To dungeon and to rack,
For holding but the thought
That ill the monarchs wrought
Who joyed to curse
With an oppression worse
Than the tyrannic crimes
Of old barbaric times !
In league, Columbia, why,
With Russian tyranny ? ”

In silence, then, the flame,
To hear if answer came
From out Columbian hall.
And, saying “ Deaf to all,
And to thy past untrue ! ”
The lustre, sighing, flew
To welcome of the blue,
That bent, sad questioning,
And bade the birds to sing,
And brooks—“ Columbia, why
In league with tyranny ? ”

ORDEAL AND OUTCOME.

O PATRIOTS, pure and strong,
And waiting now so long
Surcease of this hard fate,
Wait on, for God doth wait !
For Christ, when in the fate
O'er which all nature wept
And Heaven sad vigils kept,
His slayers could forgive,
And died that they might live.
He shed in death the tears
That permeate the years,
And ever plead with man
The beauty of the plan
Of giving bread for blows,
For thorn, the thornless rose
Of love, that sweeter grows
Through trials oft and sore,
That, wounded o'er and o'er,
Doth from its fragrant store
The balm of good disburse,
And blessings breathe for curse.

To keep this code of heaven,
The patriots have forgiven,

In hope that kindness win
Who seventy times should sin.
But seven times that have striven
These foes of man and Heaven,
And by ten thousand times
Have multiplied their crimes !
And Heaven impatient grows,
And, noting long the woes
Of Poland and of all
Within the Russian's thrall,
Will surely send a hand,
To write where tyrant band,
In revel o'er their wine,
Shall read and know the sign
Grim glistening on the wall,
That tyranny must fall !
Aye, patience may endure ;
But wrath deferred is sure.
And soon the man shall rise
To hear and heed the cries
Of victims of the czars.
And then, O waiting stars,
How will ye shout and sing,
And call the birds to wing
In swiftest flight, to tell
Wherever patriots dwell,

His name who conquered Tyranny
And set the exiles free,
And Poland's flag unfurled
To honor in the world.

Aye, God will heed the cries
Of Poland's agonies.
For, though His name is Love,
And His the carrier dove,
Yet His the eagle is,
And all the majesties
Of all the life of earth,
Since far creation's birth !
He gave the tiger power,
And ocean monsters dower,
To lash the seas to rage
And mighty ships engage.
He taught the earth to quake,
And made the mountains shake.
'Twas He created light
And piled the Alpine height.
He set the rhythmic spheres
To cadence of the years
Of the eternity
He gave the right to be !

His Christ of Olivet
And Galilee used, yet,
A scourge; His Moses saw
The lightnings of the law
From Sinai blaze, to tell
That with Jehovah dwell
All powers, and it is well
With those alone who fear
Him, and in truth sincere,
Hold all His statutes dear,
Who live for righteousness,
And never to oppress.
And He, if stubborn prove
The czars to pleas of love,
Will call some iron man
To execute His plan,
To thunder forth His wrath
And plow with war a path
Through tyranny's domains
And break the exiles' chains,
And lead each patriot band
To home and native land.

And yet, protesting rhyme
Against the Russian crime,

Fail not his worth to sing,
Who, once in Russia king,
Had righted much of wrong,
Had not the furious throng
Smote Alexander down
And set the Russian crown
Against the Polish cause
Of Liberty's good laws.
And Polish patriots see
A crime in anarchy.
No vengeance on their foes
Would they ; but thornless rose
And white, and every flower
Of Peace for those whose power
Hath been so long the ban
Of Poland and of man !
Unselfish in their grief,
These patriots seek relief
For all who feel
The tyrant's iron heel.
To people of the realm
They seek to give the helm
Of Russian power,
As rightful dower.
Nor charge they the rod
Of tyranny to God.

And spurn they the extremes
Of the ill-visioned dreams
Of those anarchic fools
Whom wild unwisdom rules,
They of that base alloy
Which nerves men to destroy.

A PILGRIMAGE OF CZARS.

WILL tyrants turn, who make
 Their chief delight to break
The patriotic heart,
And name their crime an art !
Yet grant imagination scope,
And patience chance to hope
That czars be won to sense
Of need of penitence,
Or scourged until they see
How wrong the cruelty
That gives to Poland tears,
And damns a thousand years !

Should miracle be done,
The greatest under sun
The visioned stars have seen,
And czars repentance mean —
Go, czars, by conscience sent,
Go, honored to repent,
Go, with your burden bent,
Go any way ye must,
Go, if through thorns and dust ;
Go, if with heavy chains
Like exiles o'er the plains !
Go, grateful that you may ;
Go, seek fit place to pray.
Go where the zephyrs say
That sigh from heaven's way !
Go, foes of liberty,
And fall on suppliant knee
Where dust of Kracut is
'Mid Cracow's mysteries,
The first of Polish kings
The muse of History sings,
The Slavic chief of time
Ere czars had cursed his clime.
There, pleading not the claim
Of royalty or fame,
But only His good name

Who gave the one relief
That owned himself a thief —
There tell the skies your sin,
Aware, as ye begin,
That Christ, the ever kind,
With justice mild, consigned
To millstone and the sea
The unwept tyranny
Of Pharisees of old,
To whom ye likeness hold !
Kneel, then, in Cracow, where
The soul of Wanda fair
Doth frequent still the air
Above the hill that claims
Sweetest of Polish names.
And ask you there of Heaven
If czars can be forgiven !

BY KOSCIUSKO'S DUST.

THEN, with this pleading done,
 If beams benignant sun,
Or if for you there shine
One ray of star benign ;
Then seek another grave,
His place whom Heaven gave,
To show to czars and earth
A Polish patriot's worth,
And sent to aid, in youth,
Columbia's cause of truth.
There, by this hero's rest,
See, if, with prayer addressed
The Heaven of Liberty,
Czars can forgiven be
Of Heaven and of the free !
There hear from far the cry
Of those who hope, or try
To hope, before they die,
To see once more the home
From which dear memories come.
O ! memories that burn
And into torments turn !
How must the exiles yearn

For once to grasp the hand
Of kindred in the land
Of their great leader's birth,
The dearest land of earth !
O, cruel tyranny !
That freemen may not see
For once the boyhood farm,
Sweet with the pet brook's charm ;
For once the childhood cot,
For once the play-place grot,
For once the daisied mead,
For once two paths to lead,
As once, to trysting place
Of bravery and of grace !
For once the grassy mound
That love's fair roses crowned !
There Linka's ashes lie,
Who had the choice to die
Or tell the tyrant's spy
When by His Highness bid,
Of patriot Pavel hid !

And there's the outlook hill,
And there the near-by rill,

And there the other stream,
Whose unforgotten gleam
Inspired the boyhood dream
Of busy, stirring life,
Of joy in hardest strife,
Of earning high success
And coming home to bless,
With nobly won largess,
The village where in joy
Erstwhile dwelt the boy !
Instead, condemned to pine,
Imprisoned in a mine,
For that high quality
That fits men to be free.

There, where the good man lies,
Best of the sanctities
Of the Sarmatian land,
There, tyrants, stand,
There, tyrants, kneel,
And well the honor feel !
There, ye who give a slave
The right to choose his grave,
The felon, who atones,
With hempen halter, groans

He caused, the right to say
Where ye his bones shall lay—
There, by Kosciusko's dust,
Be honest, once, and just !
There, talk, repentant czars,
With conscience and the stars,
The eyeing stars, that see
What is sincerity,
And will no fleeting mood
Of tears for years of blood !
Tell stars and conscience why
In vain do freemen cry
To you for boon of serf,
For one green stretch of turf,
Where, from foreign strand
Sent back to native land—
Where, if not given breath
At home, they may at death
Be sent to final rest,
To slumber unoppressed !

Cannot endure the stars ?
Why, there's a place, ye czars,
Where stars do never shine,
And whence no royal line
Or peasant cometh back

By straight or devious track—
But onward still must fare
Whoever goeth there !
And there's another, too,
Where stars are never due,
But lurid lightnings glare,
And demons rule the air ;
And hither none shall fare
That ever enter there !
And there's another, still,
Of flowery plain and hill
Of Sion, blest abode
Of angels and of God !
And of the saints who rise
From earth's hard agonies
To freedom of the skies !
But, untransformed by grace
To fitness for the place,
In heaven no tyrants live ;
For heavenly blisses give
Such influence that 'twere hell
For tyrants there to dwell.

WARNINGS FROM ELDER DAYS.

O YE unthinking czars,
Why contradict the stars !
For they have lived to see
Too much of history
To deign to a reply
When even Russians lie !
Boast not your hosts in arms,
That give the world alarms.
For steel-clad giants are
But pigmies to a star.
Stars laugh at all your power
And point to Shinar's tower,
That was, and Babylon,
That boasted to the sun
Of her Chaldean might !
And held the world in fright,
And perished in a night !
And but her ruins tell
Of Babylon that fell !

And point the stars, to king
Of whom but furies sing,

The Herod throned of yore,
But cursed forever more
In street and cloister lore.

From scanning these
Look back to Rameses,
Whom and whose like gave tears
For twice two hundred years
To chosen sons of God.
And these condemned to plod,
Scourged by oppression's rod
That grew by gore,
These, through their bondage sore,
Upon God's promise fed,
Till, brave enough, they fled,
By visioned shepherd led.

And now the sea before
Withholds from freedom's shore,
And prisoning mountains stand
To hold for Pharoah's hand.
But look ! the flood divides,
Heaven holds apart the tides !

The fugitives pass through ;
Menephtah's hosts pursue.
But fierce returning waves
Whelm in their watery graves
Ruler, horsemen, all—
A wreck that hints the fall
Of the Egyptian throne,
O'er which, in warning moan,
The ages sweep, to say
That tyrants pass away !

Man's title to be free
Is writ in history,
And finds, to prove it, given
The very truth of Heaven.
And, sweet as favoring word
By wooing Honor heard,
The song of brook and bird
And Zephyr's minstrelsy
Are music of the free.
So everything decries
The despot's tyrannies.
In waking life of spring,
When glad the robins sing ;

In the persuasive breath
Of June from flowery heath ;
In airs that sweeten shade
Of pleasant wooded glade
And move the fairy ferns
To dance by merry burns ;
In storms around the peaks
Where fierce the thunder speaks ;
In chill November's gale
That sweeps the frosted vale ;
In Ocean's sullen roar
On Winter's icy shore—
In all her ministries,
The voice of nature is
Rebuke of tyrannies.

In tender tones and mild
As plaintive voice of child,
In clarion peal, and strong
As burst of lyric song ;
Commanding, deep and slow
As centuries that flow
Through history
Toward eternity—

The olden warning word
Repeated, now is heard
In all the upward trend
To Consummation's end ;
The word in every wind,
The word in every mind,
But yours, audacious czars,
Who contradict the stars—
Let ye my people go !
Let ye the exiles go !

CONTRAST

III.

CLARE.

A RAVEN folds his wings
Where Susquehanna sings
A deep, unceasing dirge ;
And, chiming with the surge,
And sadder than the song,
The bird, the whole day long,
Cries forth from pines that sigh
Beneath November's sky !
Yet vain the chant, how vain
The whole commingled strain,
To give a full relief,
Or even lessen grief,
When over loved ones slain,
Bereavéd hearts complain
That woman false should prove
To constancy of love.
In vain the pine trees sigh,
And bird and river try
To tell their blessings fled
Who mourn their Roderick dead.
For he such joy had given,
To them he seemed from heaven.

But came a fateful day
To sweep their hopes away !
Protecting angels ! spare
The earth from more like Clare,
Who lit, to quench, the fires
Of love's supreme desires,
Joyed o'er the fading glow,
Laid then the altar low,
And gloried in the guilt
To wreck the temple built
Of peace, by hope, above
The silver shrine of love.
And these in ruin say
How sad that fateful day.
Betrothed from her own choice,
To make his heart rejoice
Who faithfully and well
Had loved, by message fell
Clare put his joy to rout
And ruthless blotted out
The star that makes men glad
And, failing, drives them mad.

At middle of the night,
When hope had borne such blight

'Twere midnight were it noon,
November were it June !
Doubt's night, when 'gainst despair,
Worst fiend of all that are,
The lover long had striven,
At midnight, demon-driven —
He knew not what he did !
Blame him ? O Heaven forbid !
And Heaven their hearts sustain
Who mourn their Roderick slain.
And yet they bravely keep
Life's course while still they weep.
And braver than to live,
The sorrowing ones forgive
The cruelty of art
That broke a lover's heart
And drove him to the deed
For which their hearts must bleed
Throughout the desert years,
And they shed bitter tears
O'er one with sweetest worth
That ever perfumed earth,
O'er one whom traitor gave
To an untimely grave.

So of this sadness voiceful surge
Of river sang, and so the dirge
Of pines, and all the winds that blew,
Told what no yeoman was but knew,
No dullest vision but could see
Was useless here more witchery.
Yet here, where seem the rocks in tears
And giant oaks to thrill with fears,
The artful Clare dissembles pain
Of grieving love o'er lover slain,
Till some repenting scorn they gave,
Of feigning Clare her pardon crave,
And speak in tones that fall like rain
On thirsty herbs of fevered plain !
The hint of wish to fare away
They gently chide, and press to stay,
And beg a frequent friendly word
By postman fleet or carrier bird.
Then, flushing fine from their caress
Who pray celestial graciousness
The grief-rent heart of Clare to bless,
The queen of arts that do not fail
Goes forth to quest in other vale !

How many there her arts reward
The song were weighted to record.

Yet many 'twas, and there, of all
Entranced, but one too brave to fall.
This Donald was, blithe, wise and strong,
From land of heather and of song—
So gallant, unobtrusive, good,
'Twere naught to read the noble blood
Descended from some hardy clan
Whose valor back to Wallace ran,
And blended, in the days of eld,
With might the glorious Bruces held.
Discerning Scot, as Scots are born,
With inner sight to ken and warn,
He read her arts and read to scorn,
And tossed a calm, derisive "nay,"
And said, as needless 'twere to say,
"Fair one, withhold the huntsman's horn,
Nor urge thy steed the chase forlorn.
Although thine arrows oft have slain,
To speed them here again were vain,
Till easier game thine eyes shall see
Before thee, queen of archery!"

Defeated once, but hopeful still,
The artful is victorious till,

Returning where her course begun,
Art wins again where erst it won.
Inbreathing, from the airs that fleet
And from the souls her arts defeat
New qualities of woman's power
To add to her abundant dower,
Audacious grows the conquering Clare,
Till, daring sacred precincts where
The ashes loved of Roderick sleep,
And bowed bereavement comes to weep,
She startles from affection's prayer
The kin and comrades faithful there—
Yet artful so they near believe
Her artfulness, that would deceive
Almost the angels of the skies,
So saintly seem her sophistries !
Assuming role of mourner, too,
Who sorrows more than others do,
She comes in tears and tearful goes,
Returns in tears and plants a rose,
And tarries oft in practice there,
To learn the art to feign a prayer !

Thus once from dawn to evening star,
When stranger fared who came from far,

From England's coast, in quest of fame,
From England's coast, with Albion's
name.

Though great his English consequence
And all sufficient for defence
Against most pleasures aimed to try
To swerve from his endeavors high,
It was not proof against the Clare
Discovered thus by Albion there,
A lovely grief alone at prayer !

If power there be in woman's smiles,
How thrice bewitching are the wiles
Of woman tremulous with fears,
Of woman grieving unto tears.
And charming if the grief sincere,
Her sorrow feigned more cause for fear,
When greater than the true appear
The acted sigh, and look, and tear.

Tell not the story, though 'tis brief,
Of Albion won by woman's grief,

So fully won that those who warned
He heeded not till charmer scorned.
Tell not the tale, though briefly said,
Of Albion loving, Albion dead,
Self-slain because refused by Clare,
The charming grief he found at prayer.
How great the woes of woman due
At Roderick's grave and Albion's, too !
At hint of day she weeps by one,
By other with the setting sun !
But yonder, poised on buoyant wings,
An angel messenger, who sings :
" Fair one and false, inconstant Clare,
'Twere ill for one from upper air
For once a woman's mind to taint
With words that any vices paint
To which her cruelties have driven
Good men whose virtues, sweet to heaven,
Bloomed fragrant on the airs of earth
With odors of celestial worth !
And who shall tell the griefs that crazed
Till calmest minds erratic blazed,
Then sank forever in the night
Of deepest hopelessness of blight !
Or who describe the crimson tide
Where love, defeated, rashly died.

Although the busy following years
Of triumphs won through causing tears,
May for the moment thrust aside
Remembrance of the first who died
To whom, in plighting troth, she lied,
Not long doth Clare forget, I ween,
The color of the tragic scene
When he went out a darkened way,
Not even Clare forgets that day—
Not even Clare, where 'er she stray,
Not even Clare doth long forget
The sadness of the sun that set
When first a victim of her slight
Rushed wild, despairing into night?

“ But that dark night shall have a morn,
O Clare, who didst his pleading scorn
A morn when thou from night shall see
His spirit in felicity,
High mated in that country where
No one like thee shall ever dare.
O fair, inconstant, cruel Clare ! ”

“ Forgiven by his gracious kin
Thy keenest cruelty of sin,

Straight from his death, all unoppressed,
Thou faredst forth on other quest,
To win again, again to prove
Thy sure inconstancy of love.
And now, although in pride arrayed
And flushing from achievements made,
Thou comest to dissemble here
The power to shed a truthful tear,
And try the feat, of feigning, Clare,
The awe and agony of prayer,
To aid thee sorrowing love to feign,
That should another lover gain
For thee to crush, to see his pain !
Then thou wouldst drink his being up
And toss aside the broken cup
That was a faithful lover's self,
As but the pence of beggar's pelf.
And forth to other conquest fare,
Inconstant and insatiate Clare !
Responsive to thy nature's call,
Here Albion gave to thee his all.
Drank thou his soul to thy delight,
And all his power, to give thee might.
Drank thou with that high ecstasy
That speaks a woman's liberty ;
And then, the consummation done,

Thou, cruel, fair, inconstant one,
With might he gave didst giver slay,
And say to all his pleadings nay—
Thy victor soul to steel didst turn
And Albion from thy presence spurn ;
And alternated back to prayer
Still other souls to charm and snare !
Nor wouldst thou rest until thine arts
Had snared and drunk a thousand hearts,
That each increased the art of Clare
By thousand fold of power to snare,
And all the kingliest of the earth,
Mistaking artfulness for worth,
Should rave in eloquence of praise
Of thine enrapturing ways,
Or cringe, meek suppliants for thy smiles,
And, for them rivals, by thy wiles,
Should die in duels for thine hand
Till rashness reddened every land !
With airs to sigh a deep refrain,
And stars in tears above the slain
That cumbered every plain
From northmost to Antarctic main,
And mighty angels trembling o'er
The prodigality of gore
From Orient to western shore,

And saints forgetting bliss on high
To shudder with the peaceful sky—
This, this, O Clare, were unto thee
The acme of felicity !

“ But thou shalt never capture more,
Thy day of conquest now is o'er !
Tis mine, fair one, the word to speak
That, spoken, must life's tenure break.
To some that word is but a boon ;
Yet unto most it comes too soon.
But seem it soon, or seem it late,
Or mean it boon, or mean it fate,
Or seem it just, or seem it fell,
When missioned here, that word I tell ;
For I, fair one, am Azrael.
And here that word as dart I send
Thine artful cruelty to end ! ”

The listener speechless, quivering stood,
Then, reeling, staggered toward the flood.
The spurning waves soon cast ashore,
And fishers, finding, pitying bore

To lonely glen and buried there,
Where meagre marble reads of Clare !
There weird the pensive pine trees sigh
Beneath the gray November sky,
And raven comes on sombre wings
And gruesome to the river sings,
That, chanting sad and ceaseless strain,
Bears burden to the distant main
Of love that perfidy hath slain.
And mournful whispering with the dirge,
Distinct above the river's surge,
And sigh of pines and note of bird,
The spirit of a voice is heard :

*" O maiden fair, do thou be true,
Or thou shalt long thy falseness rue !
O woman false, beware, beware ;
Repent thy ways, give heed to Clare ! "*

O who shalt tell the damning guilt
Of her who wrecks ideal built—
By her desired, by her inspired—
By lover by her wishes fired.
Than this there is no greater crime
In all the rounds of troubled time,
Beneath the wide-beholding sun—
Who murders love, hath murder done !

INTERLUDE.

O ye compelled to be
Acquaint with perfidy
Till ye might think that Clare,
Was type of all the fair,
Come where the roses rare,
And clover blooming there,
Shed forth upon the air
The story of a love
Whose fragrance cheers above
The breath of sweetest June
Of Summer's boon !

LILLIAN.

Where sweet a shining river
Flows singing to the sea
And purls with charming cadence
Where smiling landscapes be
Gemmed bright with pleasant mansions,
That in perspective seem

The counterpart of castles
That fill youth's brightest dream—
There, sweet within the valley,
In other days, a scene
That fills with choicest fragrance
The years that intervene !

And for that scene the valley
A finer verdure spreads
When, cheering after winter,
The May sun radiance sheds,
And brighter flame and crimson
And lovelier dun and gold
The hardy mountain beeches
And valley maples hold,
When frost and autumn sunshine
Their chemistry have done,
In glorious completion
Of work the spring begun.

Dear vale of Metawampe !
Sweet by the sunrise shore

Of thy majestic river,
 Delightful evermore
An arbor was where Lillian,
 Who Leon promise made
But later wrecked the plighting,
 By unwise kindred swayed,
Returned, at last, repentant,
 To bid his hope relive,
And there so bravely humble
 Knelt asking him forgive.

And quick above the sadness
 That darkened weary years
And weighted him with sorrow
 Exceeding words and tears,
There broke serenest radiance
 That ever augured day,
Or woke a heart to courage,
 Or lit a wanderer's way.

With gentle hand,
In fairyland,
To thoughts sublime she led him ;

With grandest views,
And nectar dews,
And heavenly fruitage, fed him ;
From field and sky
And mountain high
Inspiring lessons read him ;
With tender art,
From her true heart,
A sincere promise said him,
Naming a day,
A month away,
A happy day to wed him.

That good day came
With sweetest flame
The Orient ever lighted,
To signalize
The golden ties
Of loving hearts united !
Day sweet with airs
That banished cares
And to high thoughts incited ;
Day spanned with blue,
The whole day through !

As if all wrongs were righted
And sang the lark
Till all birds dark
Had flown from earth affrighted.

The honeymoon
Could not end soon
Of two so nobly mated,
But still would shine
Were skies benign,
Or if to grief storms fated.

Their love kept new,
For each soul grew ;
And each the other aided
Right things to know
To help each grow,
And love's rose never faded !

Sweet vale of Metawampe !
Therein, since that dear day,

Auspicious time for trysting
 The silver nights of May
For, then, from favoring Heaven,
 Swift where the lovers wait,
Thrilled with the thoughts surpassing
 All else however great,

Fly ministrants commissioned
 To utter words that save
From cowardice the lover
 And make the maiden brave.
And when the pledge is spoken
 To crown love's high emprise,
They soar from Metawampe,
 To tell the waiting skies !

OTHER POEMS

IV.

THE EQUAL LOT.

WITH equal hand, impartial Heaven
Bestows on all, the blessings given
To cheer the earth.

If birds that bless the morns of spring
Alone at regal courts would sing,
We might complain.

But everywhere, from hill to shore,
The joyous warblers artless pour
Their songs for all.

As grateful thine anemones
And all the perfumed potencies
Thy rose exhales

As odors they of kindly kind,
Empurpled in a palace, find
The flowers to yield

That grow by royal gardener dressed,
And bloom with smiles of princess blessed,
On sacred days.

Nor sweeter sound than you or I,
Hears king or Croesus, walking by
The purling brook ;

Nor, navied in their gilded boats,
Than we embarked in common floats,
More restful plash

Of wave ; nor surer they to ride
In safety to the haven side
Of waters sailed.

Nor king than we has sweeter hymn
Of Zephyr ; nor doth Sunset limn
Diviner west

For king, with hues from heavenly fount ;
Nor nearer is the royal count
Of stars than thine

To His who outlined nature's plan
And reared the astral arch, to span
The universe !

AMONG THE TREES.

WHERE nature reigns distinctions fade
That pride may bring to grove and
glade,
To flaunt them there.

Rank has no sway at nature's court,
And Fame is there of small import,
And pelf is scorned.

Impartially, when vernal breath
Proclaims the winter's reign of death
Is at its end,

The maple buds portend the June,
Whose leaves shall cool the torrid noon
Of summer time.

To thee as kindly welcome wave
The elms as unto prince they gave
Who fared that way.

And wild and tender harmony
The pensive pines address to thee
As unto all,

And breathe balsamic airs of health,
Uncaring for their rank and wealth
Who seek the boon.

The quiet beauty of the beech
To thee as unto all will teach,
If thou wilt learn,

The loveliness of real worth,
Whatever station in the earth
The worthy have.

To thee as grand the oaks that hold
Discourse with crags of mountain bold,
Anent the storms,

As unto royalty they seem ;
And for thine eyes as brightly gleam
 The autumn woods

As for the monarch who desires
To imitate their gorgeous fires
 On robes he wears,

But finds that futile is the sleight
Of kings to deck themselves as bright
 As nature shines !

Contrasting with the snowy lands,
As sombre-hued the hemlock stands
 To symbolize

Thy grief, as though the dark cold green,
Sighing, bemoaned with northland queen,
 Her consort dead.

And when again the trees in bloom
Dispel the thoughts of death and doom,
 And hope inspire,

Thou canst the graceful tasseling
That decks the birchen boughs of spring
As well enjoy

Uncrowned, untitled and unknown,
As though instated on a throne
Of kingly power.

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

NATURE rebukes presumptuous men,
And yet invites the constant ken
Of reverent souls.

And still the words the Master saith,
Who came of old from Nazareth,
Nature repeats :

Consider thou the lilies well,
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell
Their coloring,

And canst the processes divine
Wherein the primal hues combine
That beauty give,

And tell the fragrances that meet
To make those rarest odors sweet
That lilies shed.

Consider thou the lilies well,
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell
What lilies are—

Perfection of the alchemies
Wherein the chemists of the skies
Have wrought their best !

And lilies not alone meant He
Who taught on hills of Galilee,
Their loveliness.

But all the flowers that decked the field
For him did sweetest pleasure yield,
And theme for thought.

And, eloquent above thy speech,
The flowers will still their ethics teach,
O man of earth,

As when, to prove His doctrine true,
In Palestine, the Teacher drew
From nature's store.

And, mortal, thou canst ever find,
If well instructed is thy mind
By heavenly power,

Such high renewal of thy might,
Such inspiration and delight,
And rest, and peace,

In thinking on the works of God,
From tiny twig and velvet sod
To mountain peak,

As thou, in thine ambitious schemes
Fulfilled unto thy brightest dreams,
Canst never find !

AT DAY-BREAK.

AT last along the eastern sky
The glimmerings of morn,
To end in radiance of joy
A night of doubt and scorn !

Dread night—it was a winter long !
And cold with winds of fate,
That still, through all their fiendish song,
Were hot with ire of hate

And live with imps whose interludes
Chimed with the airs, to tell
The rancor of infernal feuds—
Fit minstrelsy of hell !

But now the birds with carols high
Charm all doubt's fiends away,
And crimsons now the eastern sky,
To hint a coming day,

That shall through all its hours remain
Unvexed by doubt and scorn,
And in the full of noon retain
The newness of the morn !

A day whose evening shall proclaim
That brighter dawning waits,
Fulfillment of the sunset flame,
At the celestial gates !

A HEAVEN.

WHEREVER bloom the happy isles
In lasting verdure drest,
Whereon perpetual morning smiles
High welcome to the blest,

No gilded barques bear any there ;
Nor, borne o'er summer seas,
Do any find the orchards fair
Of the Hesperides.

As story made a dragon bold
 The fabled apples guard,
So, now, who seek for fruit of gold
 Opposing fiends retard.

But on the good the truth bestows
 Herculean power to slay,
By valor's well directed blows,
 The monster in the way.

Wherever the elysium is,
 In what good land afar,
And gained by what high ministries
 Of what benignant star,

It is not reached along the way
 Where sirens charm the sea ;
But seek, the warning angels say,
 Through Christ of Calvary,

The kingdom of conditions high,
 Where quality hath rate,
Where fitness, and not heraldry,
 Gives entrance through the gate.

For what man is, not where he is,
 His heaven is, or hell;
 His heaven the heavenly qualities
 That prompt his doing well.

His heaven that high ennoblement
 That gives to whom 'tis given,
 The blessing of a heart content
 To win his way to heaven.



WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY.

ABOVE the gradeur of the sunsets
 Which delight this earthly clime,
 And the splendors of the dawns
 Breaking o'er the hills of time,
 Is the richness of the radiance
 Of the land beyond the sun,
 Where the noble have their country
 When the work of life is done !

There is the mysterious problem
Of their earthly life made plain ;
There the bitter turned to sweetness,
There the losses turned to gain.
There the rapture of the new life
Far exceeds the griefs of this,
And earth's toiling is forgotten
In the restfulness of bliss.

And the music of their welcome,
From angelic lyres of gold,
Shall full often be repeated,
Yet it never shall grow old ;
Music grander than earth's noblest,
Than all eloquence of words
And the sweetest of the carols
Of the gladdest of the birds !

Welcome there, and there forever
Free from artifice of time,
Shall the noble of that country,
In the real of that clime,
Read the wisdom of the Father,
From whose all-creating hand
Are the beauties, and the glories,
And the people of that land.

There they rightly read the visions
 Of the ancient seers, that give
 Higher good than urban splendors
 Where the saints at last shall live.
 There they surely find a heaven
 Not conventional or made,
 And inhabitants delighting
 In the hillside, brook and shade !

For magnificent with forests
 Is that country of the skies,
 Far excelling in their bird-songs
 All the earthly minstrelsies.
 And that country hath its mountains
 And is resonant with streams
 That are sweeter in their music
 Than the rivers of our dreams !

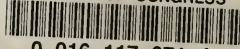
Blooms of finest form and lustre,
 Fragrant on the eternal hills,
 With their odors bless the zephyrs,
 That, harmonious with the rills,
 Sing, to give the angels pleasure
 Who were fit to sing the birth
 Of the Savior of the sorrowing
 And the sinful of the earth.

And, His mission there completed,
He shall reign with them above
And instruct them in the wonders
Of the country of His love,
Where He giveth them an entrance
And that higher work to do
That shall keep them ever growing,
And the charm of living, new.

And His name throughout the ages,
As the æons circle by,
To the trend and to the cadence
Of their own eternity,
Shall be theme and inspiration,
In the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done !



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